THE VOTE,

OR

A POEME ROYALL,

PRESENTED

TO HIS MAIESTIE

for a New-yeares-Gift.

By way of Diſcourſe 'twixt the Poet,
and his Muſe.

Calendis Januariis 1642.

LONDON,
Printed by *T. Badger*, for *Humphrey Moſley*, at the *Princes Armes*, in
Paules Church-yard, 1642.

[James Howell]

POEMA

Στρηνέλικον.

THe world's bright Eye, Times measurer, begun
Through watry Capricorne his course to run,
Old Ianus hastned on, his temples bownd
With Ivy, hir gray haires with hollie crownd;
When in a serious quest, my thoughts did muse,
What Gift, as best becomming, I should chuse,
To Britaines Monarch (my dread Soveraigne) bring
Which might supply a New-yeares offering.
I rummag'd all my stores, and search'd my cells
Where nought appear'd, god wot, but bagatells:
No farre fetch'd Indian gemme, cut out of rock,
Or fishd in shels were trusted under lock,
No peece which Angelo's strong fancy hitt,
Or Titians pensil, or rare Hyliards witt,
No Ermines, or black-sables, no such Skinnes,
As the grim Tartar hunts, or takes in ginnes:

No Medails, or rich ſtuff of Tyrian dye,
No coſtly Boules of froſted argentry,
No curious Land-skip, or ſome Marble peece
Dig'd up in Delphos, *or elſe-where in* Greece,
No Roman *Perfumes, Buffs, or Cordouans*
Made drunk with Ambar by Moreno's *hands,*
No arras, or rich carpets freighted o're
The ſurging Seas from Aſia's *doubtfull ſhore,*
No Lions cub, or beaſt of ſtrange aſpect,
Which in Numidia's *fiery womb had ſlept,*
No old Toledo *blades, or Damaskins,*
No Piſtols, or ſome rare-ſpring'd Carrabins,
No Spaniſh *Ginet, or choyce ſtallion ſent,*
From Naples, *or hot* Afrique's *continent,*
In fine, I nothing found, I could deſcry
Worthy the hands *of* Cæſar *or his* eye.
My wits were at a ſtand, when, loe, my Muſe
(None of the Quire, but ſuch as they do uſe
For laundreſſes or handmaids of meane rank
I knew ſometimes on Po *and* Iſis *banks)*
Did ſoftly buzz.

Muſe.

Then let me ſomething bring,
My hanſell the New-yeare to CHARLES *my King,*
May uſher in bifronted Ianus—— Poet.

Poet.

Thou fond foole-hardy Muſe, *thou ſilly Thing,*
Which 'mongſt the ſhrubbs & reeds do'ſt uſe to ſing,
Dar'ſt thou peck up, and the tall Cedar clime,
And venture on a King with gingling rime?
Though all thy words were perle, *thy letters* gold,
And cut in rubies, *or caſt in a mould*
Of diamonds, *yet ſtill thy lines would be*
To meane a gift for ſuch a Majeſtie.

Muſe.

I'le try; and hope to paſſe without diſdaine
In New-yeares-gifts the mind *ſtands for the* maine,
The Sophy, *finding 'twas well meant, did daigne*
Few dropps of running water from a ſwayne,
Then ſure 'twill pleaſe my Liege, *if I him bring,*
Some gentle dropps from the Caſtalian *ſpring.*
Though Rarities I want of ſuch account,
Yet have I ſome thing on the forked mount.
Nor i'ſt the firſt, or third acceſſe I made
To Cæſar's *feet, and thence departed glad.*

For

For as the Sun with his male *heat doth render*
Nile's *muddy ſlime fruitfull, and apt t'engender,*
And dayly to produce newe kinds of creatures
Of various ſhapes, and thouſand differing features,
So is my fancy quickned by the glance
Of His *benigne aſpect and countenance,*
It makes me pregnant, and to ſuperfæte,
Such is the vigor of His *beames and heate.*
Once in a Vocall Foreſt *I did ſing,*
And made the Oke *to ſtand for* CHARLES *my King*
The beſt of trees, whereof (it is no vant
The greateſt Schooles *of* Europe *ring and chant)*
There you ſhall alſo find Dame ARHETINE,
Great Henries *daughter, and Great* Britaines *Queene,*
Her name engraven in a Laurell tree,
And ſo tranſmitted to Eternity.
For now I heare that Grove *ſpeake's beſides mine,*
The language of the Loire, *the* Po, *and* Rhyne,
(*And to my* Prince (*my ſweet* Black Prince) *of late,*
I did a youthfull *ſubject dedicate.*)
Nor do I doubt but that in time, my Trees
Will yeeld me fruit to pay Apollo's *fees,*
To offer up whole Hecatombes of praiſe
To Cæſar, *if on me he caſt his rayes.*

And

And if my lamp have oyle, I may compile
The moderne Annals *of great* Albion's *Isle,*
To vindicat the truth of CHARLES *his raigne,*
From scribling Pamphletors, who story staine
With loose imperfect passages, and thrust
Lame things upon the world, t'ane up in rust.
I have had Audience (in another straine)
Of Europes *greatest Kings, when* German *maine*
And the Cantabrian *waves I crost, & drank*
Of Tagus, Seine, *and sate at* Tybers *bank,*
Through Scylla *&* Charybdis *I have steerd,*
Where restlesse Ætna, *belching flames, appeerd,*
By Greece, *once* Palla's *garden, then I past,*
Now all ore spread with Ignorance and wast.
Nor hath faire Europe *her vast bounds throughout*
An Academe *of note I found not out.*
But now I hope in a successefull prore,
The Fates have fix'd me on sweet Englands *shore,*
And by these various wandrings true I found,
Earth is the common Mother, every ground
May be one's Countrey, for by birth each man
Is in this VVorld a *Cosmopolitan*
A free-borne Burgesse, and receives thereby
His denization from Nativity :

Nor is this World, at beſt, but a huge *Inn*,
And men the rambling paſſengers, wherin
Some warm lodgings find, & that as ſoone
As out of Nature's cloſets they ſee noone,
And find the table ready layd; but ſome
Muſt for their commons trudg, and ſhift for roome:
With eaſie pace ſome clime *Promotions Hill*,
Some in the *Dale*, do what they can, ſtick ſtill.
Some through falſe glaſſes ſmiling *Fortune* ſpy,
Who ſtill keeps off, though ſhe appeares hard by:
Some like the Oſtrich, with their wings do flutter,
But cannot fly, or ſoare above the gutter,
Some quickly fetch and double *Good-Hopes Cape*,
Some ne're can do't though the ſame cours they ſhape:
So that poore mortals are ſo many balls
Toſsd, ſome o're line, ſome under Fortune's walls.
And it is Heavens high pleaſure Man ſhould lye
Obnoxious to this partiality,
That by Induſtrious ways he ſhould contend,
Nature's ſhort pittance to improve and mend.
And *Induſtry* ne're fail'd, at laſt, t'advance
Her patient ſonnes above the reach of *Chance*.

Poet.

Poet.

But whither rov'ſt thou thus?
Well; ſince I ſee thou art ſo ſtrongly bent,
And of a gracious looke ſo confident,
Go, and throw down thy ſelfe at Cæſars *feet,*
And in thy beſt attire thy Soveraigne *greet,*
Go, An auſpicious and moſt bliſſefull year,
Wiſh Him, *as e're ſhin'd o're this Hemiſphеare,*
Good may the Entrance, *better the* middle *be,*
And the Concluſion *beſt of all the three,*
Of joy ungrudg'd may each day be a debter,
And evry morne ſtill uſher in a better,
May the ſoft gliding Nones *and evry* Ide,
With all the Calends *ſtil ſome good betide,*
May Cynthia *with kind looks, &* Phœbus's *rayes,*
One cleere his Nights, the other guild *his dayes.*
Free limbs, unphyſick'd health, due appetite,
Which no ſauce elſe but Hunger may excite,
Sound ſleepes, and ſanguine dreames, which repreſent,
Symptomes of health, and the next dayes content;
Cheerfull and vacant thoughts, not always bound
To Counſell, or in deep Ideas drown'd:

(*Though ſuch late traverſes and tumults might*
Turne to a lump of care *the ayrieſt wight*)
And ſince, while fragile fleſh doth us array
The humors ſtill are combating for ſway,
(*Which were they free of this reluctancy*
And counterpoys'd Man would immortall be)
May ſanguine ore the reſt predominat
In Him, *and their malignant flux abate.*
May his great Queen (*in whoſe Imperious eye*
Raigne's ſuch a world of winning Majeſty)
Like the rich Olive, or Falernian Vine,
Swell with more gemms *of* Cions *maſculine;*
And as Her *fruit ſprung from the* Roſe *and* Luce,
(*The beſt of ſtemmes Earth yet did e're produce*)
Is tyed already by a Sanguine *lace*
To all the Kings of Europe's *highborne race,*
So may they ſhoot, their youthfull branches *o're,*
The ſurging ſeas, and graffe *with evry ſhore.*
May home-Comerce, and Trade encreaſe from farre,
That both the Indies *meet within his barres,*
And bring in Mounts of Coyne His *mint's to feed,*
And Banquers (Trafique's chiefe ſupporters) *breed,*
Which may enrich his Kingdomes, Court and Towne,
And ballaſt ſtill the Coffers of the the Crowne,

For

For Kingdoms are as ſhips, the Prince his cheſts
The ballaſt, which if empty, when diſtreſs't
VVith ſtormes, their holds are lightly trimm'd, the
Can run no ſteedy cours, but toſſe and reele. (keele
May his Imperiall Chamber *alwayes ply*
To his deſires, her wealth to multiply,
That ſhe *may prize his royall favour more*
Than al the wares fetch'd frō the great Mogor,
May the Great Senat *with the ſubjects right*
Put in the Counter-ſcale, the Regall might
The flowrs of th'Crown, *that they may propp each other,*
And like the Grecian's twin *live, love together.*
For the chief glory of a people is
The power of their King, as their is His.
May He *be ſtill within himſelfe at home,*
That no juſt paſsion *make the* reaſon *rome,*
Yet *Paſsions* have their turnes, to rouſe the Soule,
And *Stirre* her ſlumbring Spirits not *controule,*
For as the Ocean beſides ebb and flood,
(VVhich Nature's greateſt *Clerk* ner'e underſtood)
Is not for ſayle, if an impregning wind
Fills not the flagging canvas, ſo a mind
Too calme, is not for Action, if deſire
Heat's not it ſelfe at *paſsion's* quickning fire,

For Nature is allow'd ſometimes to muſter
Her *paſſions*, ſo they only blow, not bluſter.
May Iuſtice *ſtill in her true ſcales appeare,*
And Honor *fix'd in no unworthy ſpheare,*
Unto *whoſe* palace all acceſſe ſhould have
Thro gh *vertues* Temple, not through *Plutos* Cave.
May his true ſubjects hearts *be his chiefe* Fort,
Their purſe *his* treaſure, *and their* Love *his* Port
Their prayers, *as ſweet Incenſe, to draw downe*
Myriads of bleſsings on his Queene *and Crowne.*
And now that his glad preſence, did aſſwage,
That fearefull tempeſt in the North *did rage,*
May thoſe frogg-vapours in the Iriſh *skie,*
Be ſcatter'd by the beames of Majeſty,
That the Hibernian *lyre give ſuch a ſound,*
May on our coaſts with joyfull Ecchos bound.
And when this fatall planet leaves to lowre,
VVhich to to long on Monarchies doth powre
His direfull influence, may Peace *once more*
Deſcend from Heaven on our tottering ſhore,
And ride in triumph both on land *and* maine,
And with her milke-white ſteedes draw Charles his waine,
That ſo for thoſe Saturnian *times of old,*
An age of Pearle *may come in lieu of* Gold.

Be

Be all his thoughts borne perfect, and his hopes,
In their events fall out beyond their scopes,
Vertue *still guide his course, and if there be*
A thing as Fortune *Him accompanie.*
May no ill Genius *haunt* him, *but by's side,*
The best protecting Angell ever bide.
May He *go on to vindicate the right*
Of holy things, and make the Temple bright,
To keep that Faith, *that Sacred* Truth *entire*
Which He *receiv'd from* Salomon *his sire.*
And since we all must hence, by th' Iron Decree,
Stamp'd 'mongst the black Records of Destinie,
Late may his life, *his* Glory *ne're weare out,*
Till the great yeare *of* Plato *wheele about.*

So prayeth
The worst of *Poets*,
to
The best of *Princes*,
yet
The most loyall
of
His Votaries and Vassalls;

Iames Howell.

a Arhetine, *id est*, *Vertuous*.
A nagram of Henrieta.
b The Parlament.
c Hippocrates.
d King Iames.